Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
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* South side of Sidney Place, opposite Richard Smith, Esquire, Alabama Place and Lewis, executed in any style the advertisement, &c. by each insertion.

THE PRIZE POEM.

[The subjoined poetry entitled "SUNSET AT ROME," from the pen of the Rev. Mr. MULLER, has been chosen by the committee as entitled to the premium offered for the best article of poetry for the Casket. It is needless for us to enlarge upon the merits of this truly poetic brilliant. The classical reader will at once discover and be charmed with a production so worthy of American literature.]

SUNSET AT ROME.

Inscribed to Washington Irving, Esq.

A day hath passed in Rome, and round her spires
Hath hung the purple light of Italian haze;
Vanished his strength, the blazing God of Day
Sinks from his throne, and bids earth prepare for night;
He smiles on earth—on earth, yet round his shrine
Gleam the last beauties of the bright decline;
While o'er his head, in the blue depths of air,
The tenant flushes of expiring fire.
That blazing glory, which at noon unfurl'd
Its pageant wealth, is now all mingled world,
Is quenched now: and its crimson light
Falls soft on the gray rocks, the rocky height,
And settles its last blush o'er the yellow wave,
Where Tyber winds home with Neaera's grave.*
See from yon Alban hill the lingering glow
Throws its broad radiance on the ruins below;
While shadows from the Tarpeian summit fall
O'er the dark cities of the Capitol hill.

Twilight is round me! and each vestige gone
That mark'd the God in beauty as he shone!
Save where some fleecy cloud, that lingers still
On ray yet lingers in the Vesper star;
Lone sentinel within the silent sphere,
His halo each and every moment wears,
And crowns the Hope, to shed his soften'd light,
O'er the dark bosom of the coming night.

Pan-fired Italia—Sunset's sorceress'd coast,
Thus hath thy Sun gone down—its brightness lost!
That orb that with thy morn of beauty came,
And rose—unclouded—in the early azure,
No longer free, nor glows with light refined,
Or'ps last caress—the Spirit of the Mind.
That answer and caress of Promethean fire,
Whose touch stirred round Apollo's Lyre;
Its tones awoke the eldenhill's deep song,
Nor wakes the thunder of the parian's tongue.

"God of the silver bow!"† no more thy sound
Wings on the wind, as when at noon of day
No longer Greece leaves her lonely cell,
In the bright myrtle groves with lone to dwell;
Nor at the sound, as when the silver string
Bring Israel's wrestle to grass the lonely Nine.
As the inner temple of the Parthenon
The thoughtful Muse retalls some boast'd name;
What fitted images of glory rise
From out the tombs of Sculpture's sacred fane:
Heroine Princes sleeps! ah who shall tell
The triumphs of that name!—the mighty spell
Of well-remember'd odes, enchanted lays;
The pride of scholars, and the pedant's praise.
The fate of wit—and Love!—what more can bind
And lure its fires to add the Augustan name.
"Answer you,"‡—who shall wake again
The Harp that Tyrtæus‡ to the battle-strain?
Or who shall boast of nature's pointed song,
Whose Theme was Liberty, and whose Harp strung
Virgilian Pathos too—? write thy name!
The treasur'd talisman of Roman fame!
"Arma and the Man" shall live for all nations,
Welcome each sound to the classic mind.
Mysterious train of thought—what power can bind
The fiery sorceress and the immortal mind?
The flight of ages—spells—all earth and sea,
Powerless to stay the wings of Memory.
To these the soul returns to boyhood's day
To recone back one thoughtless hour from play;
To fall over nature's book, and read again
That charm'd the vigils of the midnight hour;
To hear again the Bard's Ionian tones,
See fate's dooms and fair wild stories;
And breathe with Homer to his aged sire,
The filial wish—the prayer—the hope—the hours.

"Twelve at Rome the pilgrim comes to mourn
Our fallen cities Time hath rudely worn;
That time—from an ever joyous and bright domain—
The Mind of Nations to earth again.
While Fame with her wildest theme, renews
Some lord's record of each absorbing Muse.
Illustrious Men—Rome still reigns for these!
The deed decrees her immortality.
Come what there will, the author throne,
Her Kings have world'd, and her Virtues shown;
Arts have decay'd, and letter'd wisdom fled
Within the mind's sanctum to be treasured hope.
Yet thy gone spirit lives throughout heroline,
Yet breathes its soul in the Historic page,
And the great language still adorns her page.
The chosen of youth—the pride of every age.
Long may the Muse of Rome be the theme of that skill,
That wield'd our Nations chords the lyric thrill;
Long may branches fall on every plain,
The memory of the Heroes shall remain.
Till the grand day when o'er Apollo's throne,
Freedom once more shall shed its fires divine;
And Genius—unsheath its kindling flame,
Rekindle earth to light the Heavens name.
Then Immortal Rome shall rise from her tomb,
The cosmos Know! cone—and her empire, Mine!

* The Tarpeian Cor ele Mentale.
† A title given by Homer to Apollo.
‡ Tyrtæus of Sparta.
§ The Beginning of the 3rd Ode of Horace, in Book 1st "Ames versuque o puo,"—the well-known Invocation of Virgil to the Muse.
¶ The Vatican Library.

THE CUP.

BY EDWARD CAMAGE, ESQ.

There is a Cup of Life!
The fruits grow fair amid the threshold's way,
And there for a fresh'ning cup we come to drink,
Fresh is their exist here—whose infantine
Lustre of the tint is set, and portal not to drink!
There is a Cup of Love!
It matches bright, and sends no form aside,
And calls for flowers to twine its sparkling brim,
The young, the innocent, happy dance around,
Nor heed the sin that lurks in surface wine.

There is a Cup of Wealth,
With wreathed fruit it yield'd. The richest crowd,
Thus enjoy about the glittering fellow,
Nor care to sigh as time the current proud,
And guess the flood of wasted misery.

Of Pleasure—a Cup:
And the pale cheek's rose waves to hated sweet,
Fevered the lip, and burning the heart of joy;
The eyelash bent with gli—humble worth's reward,
But tinsel'd not as its tinted water flow.

Glad Cup! and Cup
So fatal is its ebb to! and covered with
Glittering thirsts, of mountain, vale, and flood,
Sea, fire, wine, and the splendid misery!
Circle them to dust, when life is with dust bound!

There is a Cup of Tears,
Whose bitterness is blended on the grave;
Thither the luch and of sudden empty,
With thousand—and every shade of human,
And swells the crystal river that glistens there!

For still round poverty's cup,
The sunshine flies and every shade of sorrow,
To cast thoughtless on its waters clear—
Heaven on home the virgin's life's fiery green,
Nor heed the sad—and fair withered a tear.

Oh, Mourner! thy Cup,
The fruited yet precious ere it, lonesome I sing!
Would I know not to dwell on its bright bound,
Or once in dust—smile fled on misery's wing,
Or—And there thy God will, with all thy drama!

Well, there's a Cup of Death!
"And who so fearful as to put it by?"
He mighty who can see him'd, on dream on more,
Thy weak—and thy true Hopes on minute sky,
And touch not yet—or be unimpeached thou!

PRIZE TALES.

[The subjoined TALE, from the pen of A. H. SMITH, Esq. has been accepted by the committee to be associated to the premium of one hundred dollars, offered by the publisher of the Casket, for the best Tale, founded on incidents connected with American History. A large number of articles were sent in many of which, however, had no reference to the subject assigned, but show up the versatility of talent, at the real ability of American writers in general. From among all these, the following has been selected as the best. The literary execution is highly creditable; the incidents are stirring and well chosen, and the moral tendency of every chosen by the writer may be said to be its very crown; and we doubt not our readers will be well pleased with this new candidate for court by the touch of literary consolation.]

The Outlaw of the Pines.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the autumn and winter of 1775, the people of New Jersey, experienced their share of the miseries of war. Driven from the field of the Revolutionary contest, did the regulars of the royal service, shamefully regardless of the laws of humanity, or the rules of civilized warfare; as when in their march through the Jerseys, boasting of the conquest over the "rebels," as tale-ready achieved, they drove before them the dispersed and unarmed militia of the Colonies. But horrible as were the outrages committed by the soldiery of the British army, in the absence of the superintendent men, they were followed by an effect, more terrible than the sword of the foe.

Another and more patriotic spirit was roused in the bosoms of the followers of the royal standard—intolerance. While the victorious army occupied the country, almost without the shadow of opposition, and in the absence of the civil and judicial arrangements for the future government of the Colony, the tories, who had joined the invaders, be

south of the river, and of the depth of water, which is sufficient to allow ships of the largest size to lie there with all their guns and stores on board, ready at any moment for action, which is not the case with regard to Antwerp.

The demolition of Antwerp, and the transfer of ship building, and architects, and commerce, to the ports of Holland, was one of the heaviest blows that could, in recent times, have been inflicted on the inhabitants of the former; and yet the alteration in external appearance of that large city part of the town; the houses were all inhabited, and kept in high order; the people bustling and cheerful; the harbor and Terminer for the city and county of Philadelphia.

NEW YORK STATE.—There are now seventy-two days yet to elapse of the present session of the Legislature of the city of New York, and the Board of Aldermen will at once proceed to choose from among themselves a President, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Isaac Varian, and also a Clerk, in the room of Mr. Jacob Morris, who has held the office for many years. Although now 85 years old, he has Friday, in the absence of the Mayor, presided over the Board. He ascended the steps erected in front of the building his feeble limbs to heaven, blessed the work that was to be performed, and then left the chair, declaring he could not longer discharge the duties of the office with justice to himself or the public.

Rising Water.—The extreme and wearable pedestrian, perhaps, the only living individual in the city, who enjoys the luxury of leisure, is the head of Chestnut street. The recollection of this day, when, as Chopin says, "the waters were high," will long be a theme for rest upon the silent smugglings of our country, will be handed down from father to son, as a legend of the olden time, and will be recorded in the annals of future generations

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA
Saturday, March 2, 1833.

IT Mr. T. W. STOCKDALE, *of Russellville, Kentucky, is no longer the agent for the Saturday Evening Post, Casket, or Journal of Health. Subscribers are cautioned not to pay him any money on account of the publisher.*

The article inserted in to-day's paper, signed "Philadelphia," is paid for as an advertisement, as also was that of A Friend to Truth, which appeared in reply. No consideration but a belief that a party when attacked has a right to reply, would have induced us to continue this or any other article controversy; and with the present article, this dispute, so far as we are concerned, shall end. There are papers devoted to the discussion of religious topics sufficiently, to which, as they are the proper vehicles for the expression of opposing opinions on such subjects, we respectfully refer all who may be desirous of replying to either of the above named communications.

THE PRIZES.

On our outer form to-day, will be found the Tale and Poetry, which were adjudged by the Committee to be the best of those competing for the prizes offered by the editor of the Casket. They will repay the reader for the time occupied in their perusal.

To the gentlemen of this place, SUMMIT at Rome, will present a fine view on his for his door.

MUSICAL LIBRARY.

A plan is nearly perfected in this city for forming a company for the purpose of having printed music, on the terms of subscribing library. It is one of the most desirable institutions; the cost of music to musicians is very great, but by paying three or four dollars per annum, the subscriber can have access to the best music published in this country or Europe.

OUR CLIMATE.—On Sunday last the day was so warm, with a brilliant sun, that it was comfortable to have the windows up, front doors open, &c. The thermometer stood at 65° in the shade, yesterday at the same situation, the mercury had fallen to 17°!! making a sudden change in twelve hours of forty-four degrees! This is the greatest and most sudden change we remember to have noted. Where there is such a climate, the utmost care and caution are necessary, more particularly with those whose duty calls them much abroad. Some of our rheumatic friends felt it sensibly.

RHYME AND REASON.—A subscriber writes as follows—

"Your paper here is all the rage,
As was a'er the mania,
It bids right fair to beat an age,
Except for Malfeasance.

"Just stick and stand by what you say,
Though all else's thick and thin,
Virginia you'll find will always pay
The Post and Bulletin.

"I shall not plague you furthermore,
But wish you heavy luck,
My paper went to Uncle's store,
Now send it on to Buck."

COLD WEATHER.—Last night, says the New York Commercial of Monday, was perhaps the coldest we have had during the winter. The weather had been mild and delightful during the day, and the evening came on gloomily. At a quarter before seven it commenced raining. At nine it blew a hurricane of sleet and wind, and the night was unusually dark. Since that a man was found this morning near the Eagle Tavern, Brooklyn, frozen to death.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT CORNER STONE.

We have no wish to retard the building of a monument to the Father of his Country. The name of Washington, though its lustre can receive no additional brightness from any work of man, should be enriched and preserved by a visible monument of our gratitude: in erecting which, we should show that we appreciate the wonderful character of him whose memorial we intend so much to the standing of our country. But the public should be accurately informed of the state of the fund, and the condition of those funds, as well as the terms on which the money thereafter shall be held. We have been at some pains to ascertain the facts, and proceed to lay them before our readers.

The largest amount of money ever collected is held by the Society of the Cincinnati. It was collected some considerable time back, and amounted, when they received it, to about $60,000. This sum, at six per cent. interest, it now amounts to near $11,500. The Society hold it as a sacred trust, not to be spent till, in their estimation, additional funds shall be collected to complete a monument *such as they shall approve. At present*, therefore, as sufficient is not raised, this large sum is locked up.

The next collection was commenced under favorable auspices, having for its friends some of our most intelligent and influential citizens. It was a state collection, and John Sergeant, we believe, is its treasurer. The sum in his hands, say $3,000, is said not to be at interest.

The next collection was by order of a town meeting. Mr. G. W. Smith has been named to us as one of the treasurers of this fund. The amount of money which has been yet paid in, but according to the best information we can procure, it will not exceed $1,200. That we have an aggregate of $16,000, which is all the funds now available, if even it should be improved by all parties. The universal opinion of those with whom we have conversed, is, that $30,000 would not more than suffice for the erection of a suitable work which would be creditable either to the city or state, or worthy of the man whose name it is to bear.

Under these discouraging circumstances, a young man party, who yet feel deeply interested for the completion of the work, the laying of the corner stone was premature. We agree with them in this, and we do believe the ceremony was accompanied with another powerful effort in the good cause. No such additional effort, that we are aware of, has been made for us since the close of the contest of the twenty-second. This is wrong altogether, and the result must be foreseen. The Committee of Arrangement got up a procession on a liberty way liberty to lay the corner stone in Washington Square, which is thereby greatly inflated, the trees broken, &c.; and here the committee seem disposed, for ought that yet appears, to end their labours. They had liberty from Councils *to lay the corner stone*—they have not yet asked for liberty to erect a monument on it! and of course we have not yet been so favored. They will not ask for this, probably, until they have a sufficient fund. Thus, then, has the late procession been suffered to proceed under the auspices of popular excitement—shall it end here? The corner stone is now deposited, and *covered up!* Is it so to remain, is a question we would have the citizens inquire. It must remain covered, or be raised, a *monument of arm folly*. But this must not be—the citizens should again rally in their strength—collect a sufficient fund, and add to the corner stone already laid, else the time for action will pass by, and half a century must again elapse before the present money can accrue to a sufficient amount.

The speech made on the twenty-second, by David Paul Brown, Esq., contained the following remarks—

"May I not be allowed on an occasion like this, when that you have here assembled upon an occasion so magnificent, to say ever presented by the side of stone, in your and presidents, that you have assembled for the two-fold purpose of perpetuating, by a sculptured monument, the memory of the virtues, principles and examples of your Washington; and at the same time of commemorating your glorious triumph which has arisen from protracted neglect of departed worth, or ancestral ingratitude? Is not this the case? After a century has rolled round since the birth of your hero, and more than half that period has beheld you in the enjoyment of that liberty which he achieved and secured—you come at last to perform a solemn duty to the dead, and to your own and your children's posterity to your countrymen and mankind, that although gratitude may sleep in the tomb, it is not buried for ever!"

Since our remarks on the Washington Monument Corner Stone were in type, we perceive calls in the morning papers to the different wards, to meet and appoint their several collectors.—This is well; let them be active—not time is to be lost; the collectors should be appointed beforehand, and have every thing ready to enter on the 2nd and 3rd of February. They should divide the time in two—but in this case, they will have to and believe the ward has not and will not exist.

As a special meeting of our City Councils, on Tuesday evening last, a committee was appointed to confer with a committee of the State Legislature, on the subject of giving up the police system at the juncture of Market and Broad streets for a great depot of merchandize, which may be brought down the Columbia Rail Road. This is a subject on which the citizens will have a word to say.

ANTI-TOBACCO SOCIETY.—A new society has been formed at New Paltz, New York, the members of which pledge themselves not to use tobacco, and a resolution to discontinue its use altogether. About fifty persons enrolled themselves as members. Wonder if they would want a fellow smoke himself out of his own fire-side, and take a pinch out of a friend's nose? We suppose the members.

A musical drama, entitled "Crossing the Delaware," we understand will be produced at the Arch street Theatre, on Tuesday evening next. The music is written by Mr. Hobbett will be spoken on the occasion, by Miss Hallett.

CHARITIES.—A Philadelphia morning paper thus extends his annual account of the charities of that city:

"The Richmond Enquirer, it is intimated in the Richmond Whig, is about to turn against Jackson. It matters very little which way it turns, for it has already out-lived the fame of his early life, and become the most contemptible with every opinion, he controls to paper."

The country papers have their expenses as well as the daily papers. The Susquehanna editor has a flaming notice of his, which no doubt is doing a thriving business—

"By Express!—Our express, which left Millersburg, returned two miles from this place, on Monday last, arrived here early this evening, having gotten out of the journey in a little more than five days! It bring glo news of importance."

INSURANCE CAPITAL.—New York, it is asserted, has but ten marine insurance offices, with a capital of $3,600,000, while Boston has twenty-two, and their united capital is $6,375,000, or nearly double.

TO BUTTER-MAKERS.

A correspondent from Fredericksburg, Va., urgently requests us to furnish a detail of the process of the inside of making butter. We had some thoughts of keeping this matter to ourselves, but if Virginia will not go for the Nullifiers and Bulletin, we, who are good butter manufacturers, will furnish the prescription, we shall have great pleasure in laying it before the public. Should it, however, prove to have an indispensable article, without which no meat is relished; when it is prime it really creates an appetite, at least so says a gourmand at our elbow.

GERMAN BANK NOTES.

The Western Bank of Louisiana is about to issue notes of the denomination of five and ten dollars, with the inscription of which are now before us; the lettering of the bank is in the German language, and the notes are made payable to George Wolf, his name in this note being the fac-simile of his signature in Germany. The five contains on its face a vignette, and the ten has this same number. We have never seen a more splendid specimen of bank note engraving than most two presents illegible.

and arrangement of the embellishments, may be called exquisite; and the engravers, Charles Tappan & Co. have most unmistakably called upon all the resources and powers of their art. The engravings are honorable to the country, and much time and labor must be expended before they are eclipsed.

LIBRARIES OF THE LIBRARY AT LEEDS, AT THE LORD AND LADY THERE.—Two volumes are given under the above title, from the pen of Lord and Lady Nugent—

Those having gained some reputation in the literary world by his "Memorials of Hampden," and "Life of Lord Nugent." Most of these stories are well written; some of them possess great interest, while others are indifferent. We could endeavor to give a specimen of them in our next paper, as a specimen of the whole.

TANNER'S ATTAR.—Number II. of Tanner's superb Atlas is just issued, and maintains the character we have given it. It contains a map of Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Louisiana, France and Ireland, with plans of the cities of Cincinnati and New Orleans. When five more numbers are issued, the work will be finished.

SHIP PENNSYLVANIA.

Some inquiry having been made as to the exact dimensions of the Pennsylvania ship of the line now on the stocks at our Navy Yard, a correspondent of a morning paper has furnished the following—

Dimensions of Ship of the Line Pennsylvania.

	ft. in
Length between the perpendiculars on	210 0
Lower gundeck	240 0
Extreme length aft,	176 0
Length of keel for tonnage,	190 0
Moulded breadth of beam	57 6
do. do. for tonnage,	57 6
do. do. to outside of wale,	57 6
Depth of hold,	23 0
Moulded depth amidships,	21 0
Burthen in tons, 3366. Guns, 140.	

We find the following in one of the New York papers, which we have not seen noticed in those of Philadelphia—

We publish the following from Mr. Ware, as a curiosity.

The following is an estimate of the quantity of mill dock required for the making of one complete set of Navy Yard, by the Hon. Samuel Swartwout, now building, at Philadelphia:

Number of ½ yards for one set of mills, &c.	10,341
Number of ½ yards for Block mills, Awnings,	14,624
	24,965
Size of 1 shrouds,	11 inches.
Main sail,	19 do.
Main mast from step to topsle,	270 feet
Main yard,	110 do.
Topsail yard,	82 do.
Topgall yard and spar,	52 do.
Royal yard and spar,	30 do.
Sheet to schoot,	19,000 lbs.
Sheet cables,	10,000 lbs.
Main topsail contains	1,521 yds.

By C. WARE, his stalmaker in the U. S. Navy.

We had a visitation on day this week, from that right wicked and terrible thing, a fire! Between the dairy in our setting mittin fires, would, if the worstines had been so disposed, have proved a conflagration, as it was a fit pabbum for his fury. We read the "fine," and are therefore free from military service, engine, but we had been of the society of Friends, almost for its political existence, and for a great portion of its social existence, and for a great portion of its religious existence, we have to plead "conscientious scruples" against the use of the "Firelocust," with sweet flowers, or "Fire-bush," with scarlet berries, or "Fire-weed," with purple spikes, or "Fire-pink," with crimson flowers, or "Fire-tree," with scarlet seed of "the Firebrand

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity!
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

Our Sunday we when all was still,
Save but the whistling wing-prest-will;
Jack left he home to change his shirt
To meet his sweet-heart with a smirk.

Now she was very fond, I know,
And highly pleased to Jack to find
A clean on too, and then some,
A thought to vide, in her mind.

She sighed to all Jack's kind remarks,
As rolling with her body on her arm;
But Jack was wise to other sparks,
And thought as much would do no harm.

And thus the evening past away,
Jack and her words, but all the same;
Jack's tongue no rest had he not on,
And let his sweet-heart all alone.

As on he home Jack he wright,
"Here am I late," he sighed to say;
I'll be a better boy from Sunday night,"
Will you, says I, and so will I."

A FAULT OF A PREACHER.—At an association in olden time which it was customary to use even more "plainness of speech" than is usual at the present day, as the following anecdote proves, that respective a young and zealous brother—Where an eye O Lord upon your poor Osborn—then knowest his faults. Don knowest he will take a bestie to knock down a fly, when a few—the would answer just as well.

A clergyman, not quite a hundred miles from Edinburgh preached a most edifying discourse on "Come and draw water out of the well of salvation, without money and without price." On the following week some of his parishioners took the liberty of drawing water from a very fine spring well in the parson's garden, at which the learned divine was not a little excited. Being reminded by the intruder, of the text and sermon, the reverend gentleman replied that "he never drew as much water as he like from the wells of salvation, but if you came to the manse, and take my water, I'll send a bullet through you."

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.—This celebrated preacher, and rather unsocial than reserved, retired, retiring, and rather unsocial than otherwise, and withal a little irritable, was easy and playful in his conversation with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, and when among them, affected no singularity of character. On one occasion he was rebuked by a fellow preacher more precise than himself, for his levity of his conversation—"Brother Hall, I am surprised at you so frivolous after delivering so serious a discourse." "Brother," he replied, "I keep my sorsene for the fireside, while you publish your treats in the pulpit."

TABLES TURNED OR THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A GOOD CHARACTER.—It has hitherto been customary for persons who were about to take a servant to make enquiries to enquire into their character, or to require a recommendation. But it is as it, here about to be the case that we should the fashion change as well as others? A few weeks since, a respectable looking gentleman of this city, who had for some time been unable to find a girl to do the work in the family, last length were so fortunate as to engage an honest Irish lassie. The girl giving good satisfaction for a few days, the master was about to ask her whether she should stay with them. O, said she, ask your self, for I should like to stay with you while, for I have heard a good character of you."—Portland Courier.

SAD SIGHT OF A QUARKSPED.—The Thomastown Journal states that a pig weighing about eighty, attempted to cross Mill River on the ice; after proceeding on a few yards, it broke in and fell through, when instead of drowning, he very deliberately commenced swimming about, and rose in a straight line for the shore he was seeking. The ice was about an inch thick, and quite transparent, all his motions could be observed, and in this manner he swam to the shore, four rods, and when arrived there, he walked out on the bottom and with his back burst up through the ice, and got out without the slightest trouble.

CURE FOR THE LAST FEVER.—The following amusing extract is taken from an old Book on Physic, entitled "The Family Physician, by the Ancient Doctors, Dispyche Doctoure, an English man, anno, 1550":

"The 1st chapter doth show of an evyll fever the which doth combat young persons, named the fever hardan lasty fever. I have seen many fevers; I had almost forgotten the fever burden, with which many young men, and women, both maydens and other younge persons, doe sore infection now-a-days. The cause of this infirmoire: This fever doth come naturally of a filthy and evil stuffed bringing up. If it do come by nature, then the fever is incurable, for it is bred in the cost of the flesh that is bred in the bone. If it come by slothfull living it may be cured by diligent labor. A remedy: There is nothing for the fever burden, as a suggestion handsome that is to say take a stick of a yard long, of hollo and more, and let it be as great as a man's finger, and with it scourge the body of the patient well, morning and evening, and do this 21 days; and if this fever will not away with this scourge, let them be aware of waggings on the gallows; and bidde them adieu, and their medicine, labbourers in their potage."

ANTIQUITY.—An ink was recently falled, (says a Pennsylvania paper,) on the north side of Muney Mountain, Juniata county, Pennsylvania, which was found, upon counting the growths, to be 400 years old. It had been marked by a cutting instrument 300 years ago, the age of the tree being about 60 years. The instrument used in cutting these marks was probably a hard stone carved or ground into a shape bearing some resemblance to an axe, and a much smaller in size. It is added that the marks are of such a nature as to leave no doubt that they were produced by such a cause.

CURIOUS BREED OF HORSES.—There is a singular breed breed of horses found among these mountains, very diminutive in size, commonly formed like ponies, but rather resembling exact horses in symmetry of form, have large shaggy manes, very rough coats, and thick fetlocks covered with long hair. They are very docile, and horses there hands ever paired; so that the horse part propels forward, in some instances, to nearly a load in length. They are very animated, most awkward appearance, and suggest the idea of people walking in their sleep, and notwithstanding the apparent encumbrance, they are very sure footed, rattle along with a speed equal to mules on hard rocky roads.—[Cosmopolite and Cruzan in Francesia.]

What is a Quiz? It is a thing plucked from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

PICTURE OF SOME OF A TRAVELLER.—Boys become at a young age, fond of driving drives, fell trees, build houses, go to market, get in harvest, and kill dogs, before they enter upon their apprenticeship. Every boy is born a backwoodsman a treasure, for they all labor in some way or other. They are born to the axe, cutting wood, digging cornfields and mowing hay. Instead of being idle, they are always often lead the field in the heat of the day. All barney creatures work—there is no idleness—no time for introspection or much reflection. Individuals cannot live in such a community; it is a degraded and unfortunate life for any people to congregate, if he is rich. No one can fail to get a living here with ordinary industry and common sense. There are no paupers. Cross the State in any direction, you will not see a poor field, a deserted clearing, a stealing, worthless, lounging man, or an irreligious, unhospitable, disorderly village. Public opinion is universal and powerful, and honesty. The people are shrewd, inquiring and manly; democracy is almost regnant. Divorces rarely occur